

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

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NEW YORK CITY

EPHPHETA SOCIETY

Ephpheta Society will observe its thirty-second annual Ephpheta Sunday celebration with a Mass and General Communion at one of the downtown churches this Sunday morning, the 25th. After the Mass the members and friends will board one of the Sandy Hook steamers at 10:25 at Pier 10, Cedar and West Streets, for an all-day outing at Atlantic Highlands. The fare is one dollar, payable on the boat. This year is the Silver Jubilee of the proclamation of the Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost by the late Pope Pius X as the Feast Day of the deaf of the world. On this Sunday is read the gospel of our Lord curing the deaf and dumb boy.

The society honored Messrs. John F. O'Brien and Sylvester J. Fogarty by making them Honorary Members of the organization in recognition of the many years they had given in promoting the cause of the society and of the Catholic deaf of Metropolitan New York. They have a record of fifty-five consecutive years of such work. In fact, this means that they have been identified with Catholic activities since they were first started in 1880. Their dues are waived during their lifetime, but they retain full privileges due members. In the current issue of *The New Ephpheta*, a page has been dedicated in their honor.

During the absence of George Lynch on tour of Western cities, his place in the chair at the August meeting was occupied by first vice-president Agnes C. Browne. It was agreed that she acquitted herself as well as any mere man could.

There will be no social this month at headquarters. However, Catherine Gallagher has announced a schedule of events on the second Sunday of each month that promises to appeal to all amusement-lovers of the city. The September affair will be a Harvest Festival, or County Store. Miss Theresa McCabe will be in charge of this. October will be either a Literary Night or Card Party. In November we will hold a Charity Dance at Donovan's Ballroom on Columbus Circle on a Friday night. December will be a Christmas affair. Eddie Kirwin has announced that he has acquired Odd Fellows' Hall for the Seventh Annual Basketball and Dance for January 25th, 1936. The next meeting of the society will be held on September 3d, the day after Labor Day.

Mr. Altor L. Sedlow, Secretary-Treasurer of the N. A. D., has bided himself off for a vacation from his arduous duties. He left August 8th, for a destination unknown at first, but is now located at Fenelon Falls, Ontario, Canada, from a card received at the JOURNAL office. He tells of the fishing there. Catches are large and fish weight, according to his story, six to eight or more pounds each. Knowing fish stories as we do, we've got to be shown. Mr. Sedlow is not expected back until after Labor Day.

Mrs. Frank J. Lux was the guest of her son, Frank T. and his wife, Florence, at their Washington Heights home for about two weeks during the early part of August. Mrs. Lux will be remembered as the former Miss Tillie Fluhr of Fanwood, by the older generation of that school. She is enjoying fair health. Since the death of her husband several years ago, she has been living with another son, William, at Newark, N. J.

One of the nicest deaf outings ever held took place on Sunday, August 18th, under auspices of the Lutheran Guild for the Deaf, of which Miss K. Christgau was chairman. More than 125 deaf and hearing were in attendance and participated in the games and jollity that took place. Prizes were given to all the winners. The grand prize was won by Mrs. Conrad Ulmer which was a beautiful doll made by Mrs. John Nesgood. Mrs. Ulmer in turn presented the doll to Margaret Borgstrand, young daughter of Mr. Hjalmar Borgstrand, vice-president of the Guild. The games were ably conducted by Messrs. Breden and Berg. The affair was held at Forest Park, Woodhaven, L. I. A small donation of fifteen cents was asked, and plenty of refreshments were on sale. It proved a very profitable affair.

The marriage of Miss Grace Becker of New York City, to Samuel Fisher of Bayonne, N. J., took place Sunday afternoon, August 11th, at Newton Hall in New York City. The bride was attired in a dress of white mousseline de sole, with tulle veil, and carried a bouquet of gardenias and lilies of the valley. Mrs. Rose Fisher of Jersey City, sister-in-law of the bridegroom, was matron of honor. Manual Fisher was best man. Following the ceremony a dinner was served to about 200 guests. The couple left for a honeymoon trip that same evening through New England and Canada. When they return they will reside in New York City.

Mr. Charles Lambert, a graduate of Fanwood, 1915, was in town recently, and states that he has filed application with the Nassau Municipal government for a WPA position in their motorized division as an all-around mechanic. He lives in Freeport, L. I.

Mr. Archie McLaren was in town over the week-end and looks very chipper after his stay in Keansburg, N. J. He attended the Lutheran outing and stopped to see a few friends before returning to Keansburg, where he and his wife will remain for the balance of the summer.

Mr. Richard Marshall, an old New Yorker, who now lives in South Norwalk, Conn., came to town over the week-end to see friends and to find out whether any larger building, then the Empire State was erected while he was away. Seems you are out of luck, Richard.

Calman Davis has opened a candy and cigar store in Flushing, and is doing well. The late Mr. Emil Basch many years ago conducted a successful cigar store, and though deaf like Mr. Davis, made a great success of it. Mr. Davis, judging by his past ventures, is of the plodding kind, no failures it seems discourages him. His friends hope his latest undertaking will prove a success.

Mr. Edward Sonnestrahl has landed a job as linotype operator at Albany. He is a member of the Manhattan Division, No. 87, N. F. S. D., and will be missed by his friends. His wife and three months old baby are summering at the Rockaways.

While on his way to work at New York University one morning, Mr. Moses W. Loew espied a brief case which contained some insurance papers. He turned it over to a policeman, who promptly returned it to the owner. Moses was asked for his name and address, and a few days later he received a reward, which shows that it pays to be honest.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Renner arrived back in New York City last Sunday evening after some 8,000 miles of a circuit tour of the United States. Traveling apparently agrees with them, as both looked quite robust and well-tanned. Their son Bobbie, who accompanied them, also had a merry time and was full of tales about Yellowstone Park bears, etc. Their last stop enroute home was in Chicago, which, while being about half as big as New York, nevertheless, looked quite big to them in comparison with the many small towns on the overland route. At each stopping-off place, Mrs. Renner met some of her schoolmates from Washington State, while Mr. Renner also renewed acquaintance with quite a few former New Yorkers, mention of which will be made later. All in all, it was a most enjoyable trip for the whole family.

Mrs. Peter Eller of Morgantown, W. Va., enjoyed a week's sojourn in Yonkers, N. Y., visiting her friend, Mrs. Harry S. Lewis, formerly Mrs. Cady Burton of Washington, D. C. She was a guest of her daughter, Mary, at Philadelphia, before and after the trip to Yonkers.

The past few week-ends found Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Lewis away from their home in Yonkers, N. Y., by means of a car driven by its owner Mr. Will J. Quinlan of Yonkers. Visits were made as follows: at Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hannan's, Westport, at Rev. and Mrs. Arthur D. Bryant's summer cottage, Branford; at Mr. and Mrs. Herman Erbe's, Plantsville, all in the state of Connecticut; also Gallaudet Home, near Poughkeepsie; Newburgh, and West Point, N. Y.

Miss Goldie Aaronson has been appointed supervisor of girls at the Lexington Avenue School for the Deaf, and a popular supervisor she is bound to be.

Mr. Emerson Romero, the president and director of the Theatre Guild of the Deaf, is on a two-weeks vacation. He spent his first day of rest on the sands of Edgemere, L. I. He had as companion, Mr. Edgar Bloom, Jr., in his roadster.

Mr. Dave Bagdon has parted company with hospital life, and is now up and about, being able to walk a little. Last month he underwent an operation for the removal of hernia. Dave is happy to be at home and to enjoy his diminutive wife's cooking.

Following his trip to the Kansas City Convention last July, Mr. James H. Quinn continued West, and at present is located on a ranch at Grand Valley, Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Goldfogle, after their extensive journey, are in Asbury Park, N. J., to remain until middle week of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Olsen and children were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Cammann at their Ozone Park residence. They reported a very enjoyable time.

Miss Agnes Craig is back in town after a month's vacation in the Keystone State. She also spent some time camping at Seaside, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Carr, in company with Mrs. G. T. Kent, were guests of friends at Silver Beach, Sunday, August 18th.

Many deaf all over New York are now working on WPA projects, both days and nights.

Mr. Roy P. Haynes, of Newport News, Va., is in town for a vacation of two weeks.

KANSAS CITY KITTY

No. 5

By J. Frederick Meagher

Our far-flung paths converge in pleasant places—
A flawless wonder-week of jocund joy;
Grim, carping-care departs from friendly faces—
And all is merriment without alloy;
Our tritest tripe seems, somehow, super-clever—
Too bad, dear heart, good-times can't last forever!

Tuesday afternoon, July 16th, in the Hotel President, Kansas City, Mo. Phew, and is it hot? Yupp—even up on the airy 14th floor where perspiring dally-gaits rush through their routine by cut-and-dried formula, like eager schoolboys under promise of early dismissal to see the circus if they behave.

Bobs, him wise old owl. Jess lookit th' size of those hippodroming-hippopotamii he selected as sergeants—each having a battleship-jaw and shoulders as wide as a G-M-C truck! Hard-boiled brutes—eyes as friendly as a Bengal tiger. But they won't dare bother a Big Shot like ME, I'll betcha! They know the Power of the Press, rash youths! So I start to strut and swagger jauntily in, my head held high—when the heathen hyennas grab me with utterly unnecessary roughness just as if I were common riff-raff! Demand my dues-receipt! I splutter and splutt—but three against one—must I submit to such indignity?

"Where's your dues-receipt?" barks Cussy.

"Home," I finger-thing—and try to push him roughly aside. Might as well try to push Pike's Peek.

"Are you a frat?" asks Marty, the smarty of the party.

"You know — I am, don't you ever read my column?" I stutter, red with wrath.

"Are you paid-up?" wiggles Massy.

"You such-and-such this-and-that, you know blanketty-blank well I am — you are vice-president of my own division," I rebuke him, using language never learned in Sunday School.

With perfect team-work, those three dunderheaded Disanoserii clutch me with cruel talons, jam me against the wall, and proceed to impart the disheartening news that I am just a common spear-carrier in the chorus—far as they know—and I'll have to display proper respect to my betters, or else—

Wild with rage, I furiously inform them what a great guy I think I be, number how many men I have killed for less than that, and promise to expose such assault-and-battery tactics in every newspaper in American Deafdom if they don't get down on their knees and apologize.

The bluff don't work. Those Kappa-Gambitts learned all the tricks of plain-and-fancy hazing in dear old Galland-debt Koll-itch, with added embellishments of their own invention. So presently I cool down and act humble. Two keep an eagle-eye on my wilted carcass while the other trots in to see the Grand Secretary, Charles Bayard Kemp, anent my being in good-standing (or good sitting rather); anon returns with a slip of paper penciled: "Meagher OK, C. B. K." With hostile gleams in their eyes they watch me ankle humbly in—my tail-feathers somewhat ruffled.

For the rest of the week I treat those Goliaths with hypocritically-pleasant smiles, but now—safely away from their hairy hides—permit me

(Continued on page 3)

SEATTLE

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Renner and little son, Bobby, of New York, were in Seattle nine days, starting August 1st to 9th. We all were very glad to see our charming young Cecelia Wilson Renner looking so well and happy and her fine husband. Bobby is a healthy, bright lively child, full of craving for knowledge, so is his baby sister, with her golden brown curly hair. She was left in the care of her grandmother in New York while her parents took this trip west.

Mr. and Mrs. Renner were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wright, while Bobby remained with Cecelia's aunt at Richmond Beach, swimming in the sound, driving a dog and cart and watching the twenty-five silver foxes at the fox farm. The Renners received invitations everyday to dinners, luncheons and parties, more than they could accept from their deaf and hearing friends and several relatives. They went to Snoqualmie Falls, Richmond Beach, Everett and Anacortes. In Everett they took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Rex Oliver. Mrs. Renner won a prize at bridge one evening.

Immediately after the N. F. S. D. meeting the door was open to all and the big crowd eagerly listened to an interesting speech by Mr. Renner about the trip in air-conditioned cars from New York to Kansas City, to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Vancouver, Wash., and finally to Seattle, the "Charmed Land." Mrs. Renner, whose many schoolmates had come to see and talk with her, delivered her "maiden" speech. J. T. Bodley, the delegate to Kansas City told about his delightful trip which has already been mentioned in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. He spent a couple of days before the convention there visiting old friends and relatives, and was presented with a pretty guest gift from his niece and nephew.

Prof. and Mrs. W. S. Hunter of Vancouver, Wash.; Mr. and Mrs. Meagher of Chicago; Jack Bertram of Michigan; Mrs. Nancy Dunn of Seattle; and other old friends were at Kansas City.

A picnic in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Renner was held at Lincoln Beach, Sunday, August 4th. Mr. Renner took moving pictures of the crowd and played horseshoeing. Though it was his first pitching he did well. Mrs. Renner enjoyed the company of her girl friends and went with Mrs. Rolph in her auto to her home nearby and the two ladies chatted incessantly, having attended the Vancouver school together. Prior to the picnic we took the New York visitors along the boulevards and in the evening to the United States locks, second largest in the world, and we stopped at Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Brown's home to admire their flowers.

August 7th, we showed them Mt. Rainier with great pride. The day was warm and quite clear and the superb and mighty white mass of the mountain loomed in all its majesty. Numerous beautiful wild flowers were in bloom. A bear, three fawns and chickmunks were so close we almost patted them. Mr. Renner and Mr. Wright climbed farther up where Mr. Renner took more moving pictures of the scenery.

Friday evening after dinner with their friends Dr. and Mrs. Wirth, formerly of New York, they went to the Union Depot an hour before train time to converse with the deaf who were there to bid them adieu and wish them a pleasant journey to Yellowstone Park and a safe return home. Here is hoping they will make us another and longer visit in the near future.

Going to Anacortes, Mrs. Renner was met by Mrs. Cookman, one of her classmates. Wondering at her sad countenance she was informed that Mrs. Cookman's husband, John Cookman, had passed on the evening before. He accidentally fell in a

lake while fishing August 5th, and was drowned. His body was recovered an hour later. On the 8th, Rev. Westernman went there to officiate at the funeral, which was largely attended, with many floral tributes. Mr. D. Krause, Charles Frederickson, Mr. Sneve and three hearing men, friends of the Cookman family, acted as the pallbearers. Mr. and Mrs. Root accompanied our minister there. Sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. Cookman and her small children, aged eight, six and two years old, from hosts of their friends. Mr. Cookman did not go to Alaska as was announced last May, as he secured employment in his home town.

A. H. Koberstein, the chairman of the Horseshoe Picnic, held at Roosevelt Park, by the Lutherans, Sunday, August 11th, reported nearly forty in attendance. There was a good deal of horseshoe pitching and a softball game in the afternoon. It was an ideal day for picnics. W. E. Brown and W. S. Root were the others on the committee.

Mrs. Evelyn Houston daughter of Mrs. S. Brinkman, was married to Mr. Henry McConkey, August 10th. The newly married couple took an auto trip to Hood's Canal for a week. Friends extend congratulations.

Mrs. Mary Ogden, daughter of John Dortero, was the recipient of some lovely and dainty things at a shower at the home of Mrs. Pauline Gustin, August 9th. Mrs. W. A. Renner was invited and with the other twenty-two ladies made it a big crowd, and the nicely arranged luncheon was delicious. Mrs. Bert Haire got up this jolly gathering and with Mrs. Ziegler, Mrs. Reeves and Miss Bertha Stowe assisted Mrs. Gustin.

Mr. and Mrs. True Partridge took the latter's sister and daughter, of Los Angeles, and their own daughter, Jane, to Sunrise, Mt. Rainier, Sunday, to spend a week in a cabin there. Mr. Partridge is having a couple of weeks vacation.

While Mr. Bodley was in Kansas City, his family stayed with Mrs. Bodley's sister on Driveway, near Alki bathing beach, and forgot everything to enjoy themselves for two weeks.

Miss Genevieve Sink drove in her car to Deception Pass, Index, Chinook Pass and other Puget Sound wonders this summer. She described her trips at the P. S. A. D., Saturday evening.

N. C. Garrison and Ed. Martin motored to Camano Island to join their wives last week-end.

Miss Sophia Mullin and her sister, of Centralia, are enjoying themselves in San Francisco with their brother. They will return in a week.

W. E. Brown is busy putting a new roof on his home this week.

Aug. 12, 1935 PUGET SOUND.

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DETROIT

Mrs. Roy Lynch accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Leach and Mr. Mlynarsak of Flint, in the former's car to the N. F. S. D. Convention in Kansas City, Mo. While enroute to visit the Olathe School in Kansas, Mrs. Lynch suffered a case of sunstroke, but recovered. The Leachs and Mlynarsak visited Yellowstone Park after they left Kansas City, Mo. They all enjoyed the visits and sights of the trip.

Mrs. Stack of Olathe, Kansas, a teacher of the cooking department, visited her sister and relatives in Flint and East Tawas, Mich., for several weeks, and was Mr. and Mrs. Lynch's guest for a week. After she left this city, she visited Chicago, then goes to stay with her children till school opens on September 9th.

Mr. Fred McCarthy returned from visiting his old friends in Columbus, Ohio, on August 17th.

Mr. Nathaniel A. Horvitz of Indiana, called on Mr. Heymanson, thence to Flint and then back here while on his vacation.

Mr. Luther Hartsell of Durham, Tenn., is on his vacation, so he visited his sick daughter in a local hospital here.

Miss Stella Olsen was in an automobile accident on August 4th.

Mr. William Loeder's daughter was accidentally killed by a truck in Flint, August 8th.

George Petermoulix, the president of Windsor Association of the Deaf in Canada, was given a surprise birthday party by his friends at the club on August 11th.

On August 10th, at the Detroit Creamery Company grounds, out at Gratiot, an outing and picnic was held by the D. A. D. Good prizes were given away to winners and a crowd of about 175 were present.

An excursion boat outing to Put-in-Bay was held by the C. A. D. on August 18th.

The next picnic to be held by the C. A. D. will be at McCourt Seashore on September 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Grooms and Mr. and Mrs. Glendow, of Toronto, Canada, were callers at D. A. D. on August 10th.

Congratulations to Toronto, N. F. S. D., No. 98, for securing the next convention in 1936.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis Ourso accompanied by Miss Laura Ourso and Mr. E. Verett, visited their parents in Louisiana, while the Ford Motor Co. was closed for two weeks. Mr. Verett got married to a hearing lady while there.

Detroit Division, No. 2, N. F. S. D., will have a picnic on September 8th.

The Baptist Church for the Deaf will have a lawn festival at Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kenney's residence on August 22d, for the benefit of the Baptist Church.

There was a picnic given by the Toledo, N. F. S. D., on August 11th. Mr. and Mrs. Mathias took Mr. Ivan Heymanson along. About seventy-five deaf-mutes from Detroit also attended it.

Mr. Edward Lehman of Toledo, was united in marriage to Miss Mabel Nunn, at Rev. H. B. Waters' residence on August 10th.

Mrs. Charles Miller is confined with a very severe illness in Providence Hospital.

Mrs. Anna Mohl is spending several weeks' visit with her friends in Port Huron, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Kubisch took Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wright in their car to London, Ont. Mrs. Wright and her son with stay there for one month.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Stoltz took Mr. Fred Wilcox in their car to visit Indianapolis, Ind., thence they went to Mr. Stoltz's family reunion, which was held near Chicago, Ill. They brought their sister-in-law and niece to spend two weeks' visit with them here.

Friends of Mrs. R. D. Jones got

up a birthday party in her honor at Belle Isle on August 15th.

Mrs. Peter Hellers has returned from her several weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Lynch in Bay City, and while there she visited Mrs. Elsie (Ellis) Johnson in Mt. Pleasant, Mich. Mrs. Johnson of Kenosha, Wis., visited her relatives there also.

Mr. James Scally is much improved at this writing.

Miss Elma Rutherford is spending two weeks' stay at a camp near Lake Huron.

Mrs. Stott of Saginaw, was a guest at Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Kenney's home two weeks ago.

MRS. L. MAY.

Park and Grove

The family of William F. Durian and his son, Walter, and his wife and two children, are leaving today after a week's stay. Sire Durian goes back to his place in Hartford, Conn., at Fuller Brush Company's factory, where he has been employed for ten years. Walter resumes his duties as printing instructor in the West Hartford School, where he has already spent twenty-two years in the same position.

Mrs. Schnakenberger of Brooklyn, N. Y., is sojourning in Ocean Grove for some weeks. She is an active worker of St. Mark's Church, where the Brooklyn Guild meets for worship and social gatherings.

Mr. Emil Mayer is also staying in Ocean Grove. His residence is in Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Goldfogle are now in Asbury Park for a month and are guests at Leslie Hotel. They related interesting tales of their air-flights from Newark Airport to various points in the Far West, taking in the Frat Convention at Kansas City and a trip through Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Clarke were here last Wednesday, in company with the Durians and Miss Florence Schornstein. Mr. Clarke is now the librarian at the Fanwood School. Mrs. Clarke was Miss Ruth Fish of Connecticut.

Otto Mangrum has left for the State Convention at Richmond, Va., for a few days, and also to stop off in Norfolk, his home, to see his folks.

Among the guests at the Frankenheim cottage last week were two aunts of Mrs. Frankenheim, namely, Mrs. Margaret Hays and Mrs. Mildred Raymond, and her two children, all from Washington, D. C., where they are well known to the deaf of that city. Mrs. Frankenheim having lived there for four years. Betty Raymond has been in New York for some time, attending dancing school for the stage.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus L. Kenner have located at Charles Hotel for ten days. Mr. Kenner is an ex-president of the Hebrew Association of the Deaf, an ex-president of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, an ex-president of the Manhattan Division of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf and an ex-president of the New York Branch of the National Association of the Deaf. He has probably reached the top rung of the ladder, being the president of the National Association of the Deaf at present.

Mr. Louis Davis of Newark, N. J., has arrived in Asbury Park and has registered at Hamilton Hotel, which is managed by F. B. Lynch, whose wife is a sister of Mrs. Cleary of Brooklyn. He intends to stay till Labor Day. Mrs. Davis will join him over Labor Day. Mr. Davis reported that Mr. Lynch informed him that Miss Keightly of Brooklyn, had left the hotel the day before. She had a severe operation and came here to recuperate for a two-weeks stay.

G. G.

RESERVED

Saturday, October 19, 1935

25th ANNIVERSARY BANQUET

Philadelphia Div., No. 30, N. F. S. D.

The Benjamin Franklin

John A. Roach, Chairman

CHICAGOLAND

An indefatigable lover of the water, Thaddeus Chabowski, 7530 North Avenue, a marathon swimmer, has entered the five-mile marathon swim, sponsored by Canadian National Exhibit, August 27th, to compete for a \$2,500.00. His entry is financed by interested Chicagoans, and in return he is guaranteeing to pay every one of the contributors to his expense, two dollars for each one dollar they give should he succeed. He figures the necessary expense at from \$50.00 to \$100.00.

He participated in the fifteen-mile marathon swim last summer at the Century of Progress Exposition, but was forced out by a case of cramps after the seventh mile. During the past few weeks he has been keeping fit by swimming from Howard to Foster, leaving Howard at seven and arriving at Foster at nine. In 1928 he set the record time from Navy Pier (familiarily known as Municipal Pier) to Evanston, a distance of ten miles in five and one-half hours, a record never equalled to date. He also made a Golden Gate swim three and one-half miles in two hours and fifteen minutes in 1930. He ranked fourth in the Toronto twenty-one mile swim in 1921. Cramps forced him out after negotiating sixteen miles. He is a member of the Polar Bear Club of Chicago that swims in the lake throughout the winter.

Springfield, Illinois, goes to the fore in south Illinois in boosting its picnic for the benefit of the Illinois Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, Sunday, September 1st, at White City grounds, two miles east on Capitol Avenue. A caravan of autos will be formed to make a sightseeing tour through beautiful Lake Springfield at 11 A.M. or 1:30 P.M. Tickets which are only 25 cents apiece, can be had from this columnist, who has them on hand. The affair is headed by Mr. Otto of Springfield, Ill.

The Livshis couple held an informal porch party at Mrs. Livshis' parental house on the northwest side, Saturday, August 10th. They have been making their home there for the last two weeks while her parents enjoyed a trip to New Mexico and Colorado on a vacation.

George Brislen's father died a few weeks ago from a concussion of the brain, caused by stumbling in the night and falling on the dresser. He was unconscious for two days before he died. He was sixty-two years old. George Brislen is betrothed to Miss Lillian Miller.

The Ursin couple did not say how they celebrated it on August 5th, but it was the twentieth anniversary of their marriage.

Irene Crofton, an inveterate Milwaukee visitor, is back home and working after a month at this northern burg.

The outing of Chicago League of Hebrew Deaf at Brookfield Zoo, Sunday, August 11th, was more like a walkathon than a picnic, so immense was the area of the zoological gardens.

Just 100 attended a social for the Home given by Charles Yanzito and sisters at their bungalow, August 4th. A neat profit of \$47.00 was realized.

Our former townsman, Edwin M. Hazel—parliamentary king of deafdom—and his wife and daughter, spent a week here as guests of the Fredo Hymans.

Cubs Park was host to between fifty and 75 pupils of our state school, with a handful of elders, on the 7th—an appreciated treat arranged by Coach Robey Burns before he sailed for the Deaf Olympiad in London. The following Tuesday, the 13th, Chicago's White Sox also gave free ingress to our crowd—as per arrangements by Burns. Owner Comiskey had a deaf-mute uncle several decades ago.

Chicagoans flocked to three picnics on August 11th—Milwaukee, Decatur and the Dunes. Ten of the local lads, home from school, "rode the

rods" to Decatur; while Albin Carlson of the track team rode his new bicycle the 175 miles to that city in a day and a half.

The advertisement of Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, in Sunday's sheets of August 11th, listed eighteen former students now famous—including the creators of Mickey Mouse, Barney Google, Popeye, etc. One of the eighteen named is our own Fred Lee, staff artist on Hearst's Chicago *American* here.

Rogers Crockers alighted at the picnic at Decatur on the 11th, and then proceeded to the wife's parental farm fourteen miles south, where a family reunion was held.

Additional details of the tragic death of Miss Alice Donohue come from Frederick Menken now of Los Angeles. "Five deaf left Los Angeles at 5:30 A.M., for Deaf Day at the San Diego Fair. Car crashed into a ditch about thirty miles from San Diego; Alice died in Oceanside Hospital, near scene of crash, an hour later. Body shipped for interment in Philadelphia at request of her brother, Joe. Other four passengers were badly hurt, but the luckiest was Grant Martin, owner of the car—brother of Mrs. Ingval Dahl of Chicago."

Menken—once president of Chi-first-frats here, and father of the famous Menken sisters, actresses—was one of five at a dinner last month, the others being Jack Dempsey and his wife, Bert Lytell and his wife (Grace Menken). "Hannah Dempsey is a very small girl," Menken writes.

Frank, the brother of our Rev. Henry Rutherford, well-known in olden deaf ranks, died from the heat and was buried on the August 3d.

Grand Secretary-Treasurer Charles Kemp and wife had quite a list of distinguished visitors the past month, among them Tom Blake, Newark, N. J., past vice-president; Arno Klopfer, Holyoke, Mass.; Joe Peirce, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Muriel Bishop, Atlanta, and George Hastings and bride from Glendale, Cal.

Our latest townsman is Einer Rosenkjar, who just graduated from Iowa State College (Ames). He also graduated from Gallaudet in 1931.

P. J. LIVSHIS,
3811 W. Harrison St.

All Angels' Church for the Deaf (Episcopal)

1151, Leland Ave. Chicago, Illinois
(One block north of Wilson Ave. "L" station, and one-half block west).

Rev. GEORGE F. FLICK, Priest-in-charge.
Mr. FREDRICK W. HINRICH, Lay-Reader
Church services, every Sunday at 11 A.M.
Holy Communion, first and third Sundays of each month.

Social Supper, second Wednesday of each month, 6:30 P.M., with entertainment following at 8 P.M.

Get-together socials at 8 P.M., all other Wednesdays. (Use Racine Ave. entrance)
Minister's address, 6336 Kenwood Avenue

Central Oral Club, Chicago

Organized 1908—Incorporated 1925

The Oldest Club for the Oral Deaf in Chicago. Socials and Cards Second Sunday of each month from September to and including June. Entree: 7:30 P.M.
Atlantic Hotel, 316 South Clark Street, Hall K, Mezzanine Floor. Convenient location and transportation.

Send all communications to Mrs. Sadie McElroy, 227 Englewood Ave. (Apt. 210), Chicago, Ill.

Chicago League of Hebrew Deaf

4750 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

Organized December, 1924
Incorporated May, 1925

The First and the Only Society of the Hebrew Deaf in Chicago

Socials and cards, first Sunday of each month from October to and including June. Literary and other special programs announced in the Chicago column from time to time. For further information, write to Mrs. Louis Wallace, 2935 N. Avers Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Our Savior Lutheran Church (For the Deaf)

1400 N. Ridgeway Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Services—10:00 A.M., May to September;
2:30 P.M., October to April.
A. C. DAHMS, Pastor

KANSAS CITY KITTY

(Continued from page 1)

to carry out my threat of "newspaper exposure."

Chief-sergeant is "Dread" Scott Cuscaden, Gallaudet ex-'17; a football immortal during the time that Foltz-Moore machine ran rough-shod over all opposition. Now works in an ice-plant—juggling 100-lb. cakes of frozen aqua-pura. Cuscaden led that pack of pesky Petrodactyls which grabbed me during the Denver '27 convention and jammed my pants full of snow, you remember, on a hot July day. You know what snow does on hot July days—I never felt so childish since I was a child!

Ass-sissst-ANT sir-gent is John Marty, ex-'22, another hefty hunk-o'-ham of football fame; Council Bluffs—the big bluff, he bluffs our Council—who looks like the picture of Jesse James' favorite hoss-thief, hung near Kansas City in the days when men were men and women showed proper respect for their betters (they don't now—ask dad, he knows.)

Foot-of-the-class sergeant is Lou Masinkoff, ex-'28, who made national newspaper-fame by a 93-yard run for touchdown against Maryland University, ten years ago. I'd give you his record for arson, kidnapping, high-treason, and violation of the 25-mile-per-hour ordinance—only he lives in my home-town and might sock me on the snoot.

Revenge is sweet!

Delegates seated in three-row crescent, about forty chairs to the row; visitors and alternates seated in the rear. Foot-high platform for the big-wigs and speaker; Grand Division pennant abaft the chairman; Baltimore bannerole and Toronto toggle to port and starboard. Plenty of light from three sides makes it almost an open-air forum. Save for waving of fans and newspapers, there is no distraction. Lets start some fun. (Pipe-down, gob; if you plan to get funny, take a look-see at those three wall-eyed pike around the door—our cock-eyed, cocky sergeants.)

Max Mossell, Gallaudet '33, oozes in, handing his dues-receipt to martial Marty; starts to pass by when he is suddenly seized and shoved outside. Gee, glee—what's up now? Other two Colossi pounce on Herr Maxie like cats on a mouse, eyes alert. Must think he is "One-Eye" Connolly, the gate-crasher. Explanations follow; seems Max inadvertently handed Marty his receipt from the American Instructors of the Deaf—in shape and form much similar to ours—which the lynx-eyed Iowan noticed instantly.

Max surveys his "receipt" with unbelieving eyes, gulps like the innocent man confronted by circumstantial evidence in a "G-Man" movie, and suddenly begins to dig frantically in his well-filled wallet. Paper after paper comes to view, Max growing ever more fearful; presently he digs out the right receipt and holds it up with a look of triumph. All three sagres scrutinize it for fly-speck flaws—as is their sworn duty—and reluctantly decide our erring brother will not be hung, drawn, and quartered today. Looking like a man reprieved from the gallows, Maxie passes through the sacred portals into the haven of the blessed.

I've seen enough. But before I go, I carefully and by stealth contrive to knock the ashes from my fat cigar into the inside of Cuscaden's new straw skimmer—which he had been sap enough to leave on the floor right by his station. When he combs his hair tonight, he'll wonder where all the dandruff comes from.

Free bus-ride this afternoon—courtesy Kansas Chamber of Commerce—for all wearing badges. (That's one of several free features in return for the dollar you paid at registration—so quit kicking.) Twenty buses for visitors leave at 2:10; five more buses later for delegates and grands. Takes exactly an hour and 35 minutes to

see the town—edging just over the state-line into "bleeding Kansas." My bus has Chairman Tony Sexton for announcer—a clean-cut, collar-ad-type young man around 30, super-charged with vim and vigor, capable yet kindly. Every single chap on his local committee proves amiable and warm-hearted—you'll love the lads. Tony beams with pride as he points out the show-places of the neighborhood—really does seem a lovely bailiwick, even if you are from the Big City.

But "it isn't WHERE you are; it is WHO is with you" that makes vacations a gala-page in the Golden Book of Memory—or else a complete wash-out. Here's Arkansas' Marfa Smith, most incomparable slangster and wit of Deafdom's writers—a demure, sad-eyed mite with peppy phrases. And Olathe's Fern Foltz, the poetess, with peaches-and-cream skin, wide doll-eyes, and a perpetual smile. Denver's Regina Harvat, replica of Betty Boop—eyes limpid pools of luminous languor 'neath long, dark lashes half-asleep. Regina it was suggested, and fed me dope, for that "Denver Thumbnails" serial in the lamented *Silent Worker*. All three little ladies are among my pet pen-pals. There's Colorado's Dot Clark—just married to the Rochester, N. Y., delegate, LeGrand Klock. Mrs. Grover Farquhar of Fulton, Mo.—the belle of Gallaudet two decades ago. All super-intelligent, vivacious and full of fun. Yes, this bus-ride is a real joy-jamboree.

Did ever a bus full of deaf folks see much of the scenery? Nay, nay, fond heart. We may sit around the hotel lobby with never a word—but once the jolt and joggle of the bus begins, it seems to crank our gab-engine into action, and we step on the gas to wig and wag in wig-wag delirium. A constant give-and take of spontaneous drollery:

"I'm glad you girls can't read my mind," I clamor on clumsy claws.

"What's on your mind?" queries Regina, impishly.

"Just a couple dandruff flecks," I retort.

"No; takes brains to grow dandruff," flings Fern.

"And that lets you out," mits Marfa.

Just silly, pointless chatter—but when far-flung friends flock from afar to set their feet in pleasant places, it is the melody of breezy bandiage and pert persiflage which lingers on long after the pomp and panoply are over.

(Continued next week)

CANADIAN NEWS

The following items were received too late to be included in the Canadian News letter of the last issue.

LONDON, ONT.

Mr. Robert McBrien, of Peterborough, will be the speaker at the Y. M. C. A. on Sunday afternoon, September 1st, at 2:30 o'clock.

The annual picnic of the London Association of the Deaf will be held in Springbank Park on Monday, September 2d (Labor Day). Games and races will be held morning and afternoon, and cash prizes will be given winners of the various games. There will also be a softball game. Refreshments will be served noon and evening. John Fisher is chairman, and Mrs. Fisher head's the ladies' committee. There are reports that buses are coming from Toronto and Hamilton. Come one and all and enjoy a day's fun.

A. M. ADAM.

St. John's Chapel, Detroit, Mich.

Morning service* at St. John's Chapel, on Vernon Highway and Woodward, by Rev. Horace B. Waters, at 11 o'clock.

Communion service every first Sunday in the morning.

Bible Class at St. John's Parish House, 33 East Montcalm Street, Room 2, at 3:45 P.M. All welcome.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, AUGUST 22, 1935

THOMAS FRANCIS FOX, *Editor*
WILLIAM A. RENNER, *Business Manager*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by New York School for the Deaf, at 163d Street and Riverside Drive) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence: the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

Station M, New York City

VICTOR O. SKYBERG, M.A.

Superintendent

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves
And not for all the race."

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimens copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

At THE convention of the National Educational Association recently held at Denver, Colorado, the teacher-members seem to have come to the front, to prove that they were still on the map, by the offering of a resolution demanding academic freedom. This has been a paramount question among them for many years, the criticism being that the propaganda that has been going on against freedom involves withholding vital information, deliberate misrepresentation of facts, appeals to stereotypes, all of which is the antithesis of education.

Impetus to the resolution for academic freedom for teachers was given in an address delivered by Dr. Jesse H. Newlon, Director of the Lincoln School, Columbia University, who said, "What is needed now, above all else, is a wide dissemination of facts concerning social and economic problems to serve as the foundation of a thoroughly informed, and progressive political movement." * * *

"Let some one raise the boggy of indoctrination. Let me emphasize that this does not mean that a detailed blue-print of a new social order should be taught in the school, or that the school should be employed as an instrument of propaganda.

"On the other hand, the school can not, should not, and will not, be neutral in the struggle of social forces now going on in this country. Either the school will be employed as an instrument of enlightenment and social progress, and, thus, of democracy, or as an instrument of reaction. There is no neutral ground."

Again: "Teachers must choose definitely where their allegiance lies. They must decide whether their influence is to be used for the perpetuation of the economic and social status quo, or as a genuinely constructive force for building a more enlightened humane society."

The academic-freedom resolution directed the Association to appoint a committee on academic freedom of five members, three of whom shall be

classroom teachers. The duties of the committee will be to make known to teachers, and other friends of education, any proposed legislation against freedom in teaching, and to take necessary steps to combat such legislation; to investigate and report upon cases of discharge of teachers in violation of the principle of academic freedom.

At the election of officers the choice for President fell on Miss Agnes Samuelson, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Iowa. She believes in stream-lining education in the views she expresses, "Education must stream-line itself for better performance. Schools are service-stations on the highway of life for the procession of young and old.

"To stream-line education, we must use some of the research, and beautiful styling of the automobile manufacturers to develop personality and character, and adopt their processes of research to make the machinery of education more progressive."

Apropos of the rumbling discussion following the move for the academic-freedom of teachers, it is interesting to note one of the opposite views, from a Western editor, who says, "these worried apostles of the 'brain-trust' school seem to forget that the vast majority of American teachers should be concerned only in imparting to the nation's youth a knowledge of fundamentals upon which to build the framework for life's tasks."

STILL another bit of useful information was the admonition, intended especially for the candidates of both sexes expecting to take up the profession of teaching, offered by Prof. Clyde R. Miller, head of the Bureau of Education Service, at Teachers College, Columbia University.

In a lecture, at the Columbia University Summer School, which probably brought consternation to the young men and women in attendance, he commented upon the numerous requirements demanded of teachers now-a-days. For success in the teaching profession in this age, he says, the candidate must be young, not too fat nor too thin, good looking, well dressed, agreeable, healthy, and possess that indefinable trait known as personality. Nor is this all since, furthermore, applicants must adopt their thinking or at least their profession of views, to the peculiar ideas of the locality in which they hope for placement. If they happen to be Republicans in politics they had better keep that to themselves if they seek a teacher's position in the South. And it would be wise not to announce themselves Socialists nor Communists, nor to differ greatly in race or religious belief from the majority of the community.

With all these imperative requisites, the professor concluded by discounting the influence of too much education. In his opinion a teacher should know the special subject he is called upon to teach, but he considers that too much stress is being placed upon the higher collegiate degrees, that "a great many Ph.D.'s lack imagination, vision, courage and personality." As the lecture was delivered in the Horace Mann auditorium it is interesting to attempt to conceive what Horace Mann, known as "the father of the modern educational

system," would have thought of these requirements demanded in teachers when it is recalled that he laid so heavy emphasis on scholarship.

When one gives thought to the suggested requirements for teachers it is evident that the pedagogue of the new generation must be everything to everybody, with no real opinions of his own, with physical, mental, ethical and every exemplary attribute—a singular and marvelous specimen of absolute perfection, rarely, if ever, found combined in a single individual.

RESIDING in the suburb of a large city, one occasionally is apt to come across a disgruntled gardener who wants to know "Why is a weed?" This profoundly interesting question has finally been honored with the scientific reply that the lowly weed is not merely an unmitigated evil but fills a valued place in the general economy of plant growth.

The question was considered of sufficient importance to have been discussed recently at a great international conference of soil scientists. At this conference, held at Oxford, England, Dr. Charles Thom, a delegate from the United States Department of Agriculture, announced that weeds are valuable conservers of fertility in some special cases in farming. They are annual plants, usually, and take up the fertility of the soil as they grow. On their death in the fall they are decomposed by various organisms, and return the fertility to the soil in a more valuable form for succeeding plant growth. They also have the stamina to make healthy growth on poor soil where other forms of vegetation will not thrive. In this way they offer resistance to erosion where such protection is much in need—as in the West, for instance.

The deaf have been duly warned of the terrible consequence that ensue from the use of signs, which have been compared to weeds as having no practical value in their education. This may seem as being a fact to some people, still there are others equally competent as educational scientists who hold to a different opinion with respect to the value of signs.

Signs may be "weeds" and yet be valuable conservers of mental fertility on special occasion—at large assemblies, religious services, lectures, socials, entertainments and the like. Notwithstanding the low estimate in which signs are held by some teachers, the deaf find them useful. Perhaps, after all, in the experience of the deaf who are most directly affected for good or ill in their use, they do prove of value, and not merely that but, on many occasions, are absolutely necessary for a clear and full understanding of what is being said to them in public assemblies.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for a meeting of the Committee on Organization of a New York State Association of the Deaf, on August 31st, at either Binghamton or Rochester, or possibly Syracuse, the latter seeming to be more central for a meeting of the committee.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Winnie May Rhamy, wife of J. F. Rhamy, died of a heart attack at 6 o'clock P.M., August 10, 1935. She was 68 years old. Her remains were cremated August 12th.—*Ohio deaf papers, please copy.*

Deaf-Mutes Have Universal Language

LONDON (S. S.).—Indians and deaf-mutes talk a universal language when they converse in signs. So natural is sign language that uneducated deaf-mutes from the Far East or African jungles can talk with English deaf-mutes, and make themselves understood.

Evidence that deaf-mute sign language is universal and instinctive was presented here before the International Congress of Phonetic Sciences, by Sir Richard Paget, noted for his studies on the origin of human speech.

Sir Richard has been assisted in comparing sign languages by the Rev. Albert Smith, chaplain to the British Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb.

The sign language of American Indians, widely used between tribes speaking different languages, was entirely a language of the hands, the philologist pointed out. Facial expression played no part. The deaf-mute sign language, however, is freely supplemented by facial expression, making it "less austere" than the Indian's sign talk.

While there are many special conventional signs peculiar to each country, all have the same natural basis, he explained. Generally speaking, the signs appear to be selected for most easily describing the characteristic by which the idea or object can be identified. Abstract ideas are indicated by signs referring to concrete ideas related to them.

Following are examples of gestures representing various words in the sign languages of American Indians, deaf-mutes and also Australian aborigines:

House. Two hands placed with tips of fingers together, forming a points arch. This evidently symbolizes a roof.

Snake. Sinuous forward movement of hand.

Go. Hand raised sharply as if throwing something over shoulder.—*The N. Y. Times, Aug. 16.*

Deaf-Mutes of Fourteen Nations At London Church Service

LONDON, Aug. 18.—One of the strangest and most touching services ever held under the mighty dome of St. Paul's Cathedral saw 700 deaf and mute persons from fourteen nations pray and sing today without a sound being heard.

They were athletes attending the fourth international games for the deaf and mute beginning tomorrow. Because many nationalities were involved, the service was conducted in the international sign language.

One after the other, chaplains and missionaries, some of them also deaf, mounted the lofty pulpit and voicelessly acted out the prayers, hymns and songs with eloquent looks and gestures.

Then the congregation joined in prayers and hymns.—*N. Y. Times, Aug. 19.*

The Church Mission to the Deaf

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL
Dioceses of Bethlehem, Harrisburg,
Pittsburgh, and Erie

Rev. Warren M. Smaltz, M.A., S.T.B.,
General Missionary
718 Guilford Street, Lebanon, Pa.

All inquiries, etc., should be addressed to the General Missionary. His services are at the free disposal of anyone, and he will gladly answer all calls. Regular services are held monthly, as follows:—

First Sunday of the month.—Pottsville, Trinity Church, 11 A.M. Allentown, Church of the Mediator, 2:30 P.M. Reading, Christ Church, 7:30 P.M.

Second Sunday of the month.—Johnstown, St. Mark's Church, 11 A.M. Greensburg, Christ Church, 2:30 P.M. Pittsburgh Trinity Cathedral, 7:30 P.M.

Third Sunday of the month.—Scranton, St. Luke's Church, 2:30 P.M. Wilkes-Barre St. Stephen's Church, 7:30 P.M.

Fourth Sunday of the month.—Lancaster, St. John's Church, 10 A.M. York, St. John's Church, 2:30 P.M. Harrisburg, St. Andrew's Church, 7:30 P.M.

BOSTON

The Boston Frats had their outing on the Lynn Yacht Club grounds July 4th, with about 125 present, some coming from out of town. Prizes for the varied water sports were given. Many took boat trips around the harbor.

On the 28th of July the members of the Boston Oral Club had a most enjoyable outing upon the grounds of the summer cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Raymond, parents of Mrs. Dorothy R. Franke. Their place is at Bass River, Cape Cod, about four miles from Hyannis, a well-known Massachusetts summer resort. Swimming and games were had, and a buffet luncheon was served. Before the afternoon was over, the members found themselves the guests of the Raymond family again, to supper. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond and Mrs. Franke made charming host and hostesses.

The Boston Silent Club outing conducted by Sam Gouner and Arthur Doherty was a financial success, for a crowd of nearly 150 deaf met at the Warren Bridge, North Station, on Sunday morning Aug. 4th. Four large busses conveyed them to Pine Islands Grove, Manchester, N. H. The day was ideal, for the sun shone bright and warm. No games were had for many went in swimming at the lake, and indulged in water sports nearly all afternoon, later attending amusement places.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Clark of Belmont, are spending this month at Oak Bluffs, Mass.

Mr. Mark Cohen of Roxbury, recently spent three weeks with his son and wife in Bridgewater, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Cohen have moved to new quarters, at 25 Creston Street, Roxbury. A small housewarming social was given them on Friday evening, August 2d.

Misses Mary H. Thompson and Elsa L. Hobart, formerly of the H. M. S. School staff, left Portland, Maine, Saturday, August 10th, and are now, respectively, at Randolph, N. H. and New York, (Washington Heights) for the remainder of the summer season.

Mrs. Felix Simonson and Miss Emily Andem of New York City, in company with Mrs. George Hull of Arlington, in the latter's car, toured down the New England coast, passing parts of New Hampshire, Maine and Vermont, during the later part of July. They were the guests of Mrs. Dorothy Franke at the B. O. C. outing of July 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Daniels of Lynn, have been gladdened by the arrival of a baby girl, sometime last June. Mrs. Daniels before her marriage three years ago, was Miss Martha Thompson.

Miss Anna Goodrich of Jamaica Plain, formerly of the Clarke School, Northampton, and a graduate of the Horace Mann School is still employed in the laundry room of the Hotel Statler, as a sorter. She started a few weeks ago, and it looks as if it is a steady position for her.

Mr. Phil Mayzer's mother passed away on July 1st, after a lingering illness.

The St. Andrew Mission held their outing in Worcester on July 14th.

Mrs. Fred Lisnay, (nec Lillian Mitchell) of New Brunswick, N. J., and her small baby boy, are visiting the former's family in Jamaica Plain for a month. Mrs. Lisnay met her old friends at the B. S. C. outing in New Hampshire.

Mrs. Florence Kornblum and Miss Helen Downey spent a day in Marblehead, the first Sunday of this month. It was a hot day and ideal for swimming. They met George Spinney, accompanied by a hearing friend, on the beach.

Mrs. Etta Alexander's daughter, Rachel, is spending the remainder

of the summer at Atlantic City, N. J., visiting her friends. Mrs. Alexander will join Rachel sometime during the end of next week, and remain till after Labor Day.

When this goes to press, the Ladies Auxiliary will have had their outing at Mrs. Hattie Shaw's residence in Beverly, on Tuesday, August 20th. A special luncheon was to be served.

Aug. 16th.

E. WILSON

Jubilees and Jubilees

The month of August will see the Catholic deaf celebrating three jubilees. Pre-eminent of all is that of the Silver Jubilee of Ephpheta Sunday, which this year falls on August 25th. On June 13th, 1910, on the petition of the late Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati, His Holiness, Pope Pius X, of blessed memory, made the Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost the patronal feast of the deaf of the world and richly endowed it with indulgences for them and their benefactors.

When Ephpheta Society here in New York was organized way back in 1902, the Spiritual Director, Father McCarthy, incorporated in the Constitution and By-Laws the mandate that this particular Sunday was to be a day of special observance for its members. It was, therefore, a most happy incident for the society when the Pope took cognizance of this special feast day and exhorted and encouraged the Catholics of the world to likewise observe it annually.

The second in importance is the Golden Jubilee of the ordination to the priesthood of the venerable Father Ferdinand Moeller, S. J., of Cincinnati, brother of the Archbishop who presented the above petition to the Pope. This occurs on August 29th. Today Father Moeller is 83 years old and is living in semi-retirement in his native city after having spent a total of sixty-four years of varied activities in the Jesuit Order.

It was at the age of 50 that he came in contact with the work of the deaf. The Ephpheta School in Chicago happened to be located in the Jesuit parish there. Being a man of charitable and sympathetic disposition, it was but natural that he should have been led to the doors of the school. Upon leaving it, he decided to master the sign-language in order to be of assistance to the deaf as a missionary. He took up the work for the Catholic deaf of Chicago during his spare time from the classes at the college of which he was a professor. During the fifteen years that he was stationed in Chicago he helped to collect the money which built the present modern Ephpheta School. He also received permission from his superiors to become a traveling missionary. In the course of this particular work he gave several missions to the deaf of New York, and is well and favorably known here.

It was through his influence that there were erected in Cincinnati St. Rita's School, and De Paul Institute in Pittsburgh. In order to bring the deaf into a more favorable position among the hearing people, Father Moeller started in 1907 a section for the deaf in the Catholic Educational Conference, which meets annually. In 1912 he was a delegate to the International Convention of the Deaf in Paris.

Since being transferred from Chicago Father Moeller has been stationed in various cities. It is considered a very signal honor in any Catholic order for a priest to live to celebrate the three jubilees that were his reverence's blessing.

On August 13th, Father Francis de Sales Howle, S. J., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance

into the Jesuit order. Father Howle is at present in charge of the Catholic deaf of Brooklyn, having received his appointment to the chaplaincy some twelve years ago. However, his reverence dates his first contact with the deaf some forty years ago when he was stationed on 16th Street.

Another Jubilarian is the Rev. William F. Cavanagh of Norwalk, Conn., who on May 30th, celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. Soon after his ordination Father Cavanagh was stricken with a serious illness, which left him with impaired hearing. His Bishop, the late Most Rev. John Nilan, therefore sent him to Montreal to take a course in the sign-language. On his return in the fall of 1914 he succeeded the Rev. James Quinn in charge of the Catholic deaf of the Diocese of Hartford, which included the cities of Hartford, Bridgeport, New Haven, Westbury and Norwalk. In addition to the adults, he had under his care the religious instruction of the Catholic pupils attending the American and Mystic Oral Schools. He formed in Hartford St. Mary's Ephpheta Society. During the N. A. D. convention in Hartford in 1917, Father Cavanagh acquired the Cathedral for services for the Catholics.

After being connected with the deaf for twelve years, sickness forced him to relinquish his work in favor of the present chaplain, the Rev. John Sullivan.

However, because he was so well versed in the signs, easily being the best of the Catholic clergy engaged in mission work, he was last year called from his retirement to give a week's mission in New York. He won such acclaim that last Spring his services were in demand in various cities as far west as Wisconsin.

F.

A New Trade

In a New York school a teacher was asking the children what trades their fathers followed; but one little girl at first refused to tell. "Come, Rosie, you must tell," said the teacher.

"Well, ma'am, he's a worm-eater," said Rosie.

"A worm-eater?"

"Yes, ma'am. A worm-eater in an antique."

The puzzled teacher made a journey to Rosie's home, and found it was all true. Her father's work was boring lifelike worm-holes in imitation antique furniture, to make it look genuine.

Their Opinion

The visitor had already spoken at considerable length when he said to the children, whose attention had begun to wander, "And now I want to tell you of a boy I once knew."

"He had a good father and mother," the visitor continued, when he found several pairs of eyes had returned to their survey of his face, "and they did all that lay in their power to make him happy. But the boy was thoughtless and selfish; he frittered away his time, and never thought of the future."

"Today, instead of filling an honorable and useful position in life, where do you suppose he stands, children, as a man?"

"He stand before us!" shrilled all the little boys and girls in prompt and joyous unison.

THE NEW EPHPHETA

A Catholic Monthly for the Deaf—Ten times a Year for 50 Cents

Successor to EPHPHETA, founded by Rev. M. A. McCarthy, S.J.

Ephpheta Society for the Catholic Deaf Inc., Publisher. Jere V. Fives, Editor, 605 West 170th St., New York City.

The Clark Camp

The Clark Camp at Edgemere, L. I., has been in this part of the sea resort for the past 26 years. Most of the deaf of New York know it, but for the benefit of others inquiring why it bears such name, and why they call it camp, the following is explained.

There was in New York a philanthropist by the name of Clark, who founded a club house for boys in the Eastside of Manhattan, New York City. The young deaf of that locality applied and were welcomed and in due time quite a number became members, and under competent instructors there deaf-mute youths were trained to be good athletes, and as more joined they formed themselves into the Clark Athletic Club, and many were the victories they achieved at athletic meets given by deaf organizations. They still have the trophies hung up at their camp. Their camp at Edgemere was not what it is today—a well equipped place where a certain number could spend their vacations there. It was started years ago in a canvas tent, just like many others of the hearings boys, which in the fall was folded up and stored away. They kept this up for about three years. When the others started building a fine habitation where they could live homelike, and be near the sea and enjoy the summer breezes, the Clark deaf boys decided to do like wise. They built a modest structure that would withstand all kinds of weather even in winter. At this time, about 1905, the place was a wilderness. It was their first venture in a permanent summer camp. They were perhaps the second club to settle there, but built too near the water. Their present place is far removed from all dangers of damage from high waves, being a couple of blocks from the ocean.

Today Edgemere can be reached by the Long Island Railroad, by buses and by autos, having very fine roads.

One going there to spend the weekend must be there very early on Saturday morning or the day before to be able to get sleeping accommodations.

At the Clark headquarters only members are allowed to sleep there. But guests are welcomed during the day time. They have rooms for bathers to change into swimming togs.

The club also has a kitchen and members and guests can cook their own dinners.

Ye scribe was there recently. He observed that the day was mostly spent on the beach swimming and basking on the sand, acquiring a desired tan, perhaps to show the folks at home.

There were two softball games played. No bat or stick was used, the batters using their hands to bat the ball out.

The two games were between teams of Abraham Barr and John N. Funk, Anthony Capelle acted as umpire. Mr. Barr's side won both games.

In the evening after supper, there were card games, bridge, etc. By 11:30 the last of over a hundred had departed, except the caretaker.

For over 25 years the Clark boys have entertained hundreds of the deaf at their camp, and it is getting more and more popular each succeeding year.

St. Matthew's Lutheran Mission for the Deaf

ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor

192 Hewes Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Services for the deaf in sign-language every Sunday afternoon in the church, 177 South 9th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., at 3 P.M. The church is located near the Plaza of the Williamsburg Bridge on South 9th Street, between Driggs Avenue and Roebing Street. Marcy Avenue is the nearest station on the Broadway Elevated.

Sunday School for the Deaf and instruction for adults in St. Matthew's Lutheran Parish House, at 145th and Convent Avenue, New York City, from 6:30 to 8 P.M.

New Dollar Bills to Carry Both Sides of United States Seal

For the first time in the history of the country there will be money showing the reverse of the Great Seal of the United States, with the issuance of a new dollar silver certificate by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The familiar American eagle with a shield, grasping an olive branch in one talon and arrows in the other, surmounted by thirteen stars and the Latin motto, "E Pluribus Unum," is well known to every one, but the certificates will give to many their first sight of the other side.

The reverse side of the Great Seal, which was first adopted in 1782, before the Constitution was adopted, is featured by an unfinished pyramid, surmounted by an eye in a triangular glory. Bearing in Roman numerals the year of the Declaration of Independence, 1776, it has the Latin motto, "Annuit Coeptis," translated as "He (God) favored our undertakings."

At the bottom is another motto, "Novus Ordo Seclorum," meaning "A new order of the ages." The eye and triangular glory symbolize an allseeing deity, while the pyramid is a token of strength. It is unfinished, denoting the belief of the designers of the Great Seal that there was still work to be done.

Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams constituted the first committee on the Great Seal, formed on the afternoon of July 4, 1776. As finally adopted, the seal, which is now kept guarded in the custody of the chief clerk of the State Department, represents the work of Charles Thomson, Secretary of Congress, and William Barton, a private citizen of Philadelphia. The design was officially adopted on June 20, 1782, and ratified in 1789.

While the reverse of the seal was used in 1882 for a centennial medal, celebrating the 100th anniversary of its adoption, few people have seen it since it has never been used on money and since the State Department uses only the obverse side on official documents. The uses of the seal are prescribed by law and are strictly limited. The State Department has had two or three dies made since the seal's first use, with the present one in operation for several decades.

Besides the description contained in the fundamental law establishing the Great Seal, there is one other explanation of the reverse design dating back to the founding of the country. "The pyramid," Mr. Barton, one of its designers, wrote, "on the reverse signifies strength and duration. The eye over it with the motto 'Annuit Coeptis' alludes to the many signal interpositions of providence in favor of the American cause. The date underneath is that of the Declaration of Independence and the words under it signify the beginning of the new American era, which commenced from that date."—*Herald-Tribune*, Aug. 15.

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SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM
168 West 86th Street
New York City

Why Swimming is Healthful

Men, since the world began, have been spending their lives and their fortunes and lifetimes searching for a Fountain of Youth. Yet one of the greatest sources of good health is readily available to most persons, especially citizens of this State with its many public bathing beaches and swimming pools.

Medical science agrees that preventive methods are fully as important as corrective ones in reducing the nation's death rate and lengthening the span of life, and has endorsed swimming as an invaluable ally to good health.

First of all, swimming takes the enthusiast out of doors. There the body is exposed to the health-giving sunshine and its ultra-violet rays. In the case of the salt water bathing, further health benefits are derived from the water's saline content. Muscles are given full play in swimming, and, indeed, every unit of the human system benefits by this form of exercise. If anyone doubts the soothing effects of swimming on the nervous system let him discover for himself the complete relaxation which comes from a strenuous day.

In swimming, the water caressing the swimmer's body serves as a gentle and soothing massage to the flesh which is beneficial to the circulatory system. As for the respiratory organs, it is obvious that a swimmer is required to inhale extra deep breaths; expanding the lungs and freeing the respiratory organ of poisons absorbed in the stuffy and dirt-filled atmosphere of home and office. In this deep breathing, rich supplies of oxygen are carried to the lungs, there to mingle with, and enrich the swimmer's blood.

OVERCOMING FAULTY POSTURE

As a corrective exercise to overcome faulty posture, swimming is unexcelled. Many modern-day physical complaints can be laid to this human weakness, which contorts the digestive organs of the body. In swimming, correct posture is almost a necessity—the head must be carried in a straight line with the body, stomach drawn in, shoulders thrown back, etc. And the various swimming motions serve as a great aid to the peristaltic action of the small intestines and colon.

Observe the muscular development and clear skins of expert swimmers, and one needs no better proof that swimming is an exercise beneficial to these units of the body. As to the curative benefits of the exercise, in Franklin D. Roosevelt the nation has an outstanding example of an individual who in swimming has found a means of overcoming a physical handicap.—*Bronx Home News*.

Indiscreet Kindness

Miss Peggy Watson, a village notable in her day, always tried to say the pleasantest things she could; she admired and praised, and did all in her power to make people happy.

She was afraid that Mrs. Berry felt sensitive about being deaf, so when she sat near her one day at the sewing society, she said, smiling:

"I don't think you're very deaf, Mrs. Berry."

"What did you say?" asked Mrs. Berry.

"I don't think you're very deaf!" repeated Miss Peggy, somewhat louder.

"I don't understand you," said Mrs. Berry, becoming nervous.

"I don't think you're very deaf!" cried Miss Peggy, in a loud, high voice.

"Please say that again," urged poor Mrs. Berry.

And then Miss Peggy, with the kindest of intentions, had fairly to shout in her friend's ear:

"I don't think you're very deaf!"

Convention Dates Ahead

Dixie Association of the Deaf at Knoxville, Tenn., August 30-September 2.

Mississippi Association of the Deaf at Jackson, September 4-7.

Illinois Alumni Association at Jacksonville, August 29-September 2.

Oregon Association of the Deaf at Portland, August 30-September 2.

Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf at Johnstown, August 30-September 2.

Texas Association of the Deaf at Austin, August 31-September 2.

Knights and Ladies of De l'Epee Sick and Disability Association of New York

For Catholic Deaf, between Ages of 16-55 Meets at 8-12 Nevins Street, Brooklyn, N.Y., on second Saturday of each month. Socials on every fourth Saturday.

Dues are from 25c to 65c per month. Sick benefits \$5.00 to \$10.00 per week, for eight to ten weeks in a year.

For full information, write to either John P. Haff, President, 30-43 49th St., Astoria, L. I., or Frank J. Cunningham, Secretary, 685 Summer Ave., Newark, N. J.

Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 P.M., at the H. E. S.

English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp, from September to May, at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Charles H. Klein, President; Michael Auerbach, Sec'y, 264 Montank Ave Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silent Athletic Club, Inc., of Philadelphia, Pa.

3535 Germantown Ave.

Club-rooms open to visitors during week-ends, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and during holidays. Business meeting every second Friday of the month. Harry J. Dooner, President. For information write to Howard S. Ferguson, Secretary, 250 W. Sparks Street, Olney, Philadelphia, Pa.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City

REV. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Vicar

Church Services—Every Sunday at 11 A.M. during June, July, and August. Holy Communion, July 7th and August 4th, at 11 A.M.; September 8th, at 11 A.M. and 4 P.M. Office Hours.—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoon, 2 to 5. Daily except Sunday.

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets first Thursday evening each month except July, August and September, at St. Mark's Parish House, 230 Adelphi Street, near DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Charles B. Terry, Secretary, 511 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Lester Cahill, chairman of the Entertainments, wishes to remind all of the socials the last Saturday of each month. From the Nevins Street station (I. R. T. subway) or the DeKalb Avenue station (B.M.T.), take the DeKalb trolley car and stop at Adelphi Street.

Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc.

Temple Beth-El, 76th St., Cor. 5th Ave.

Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month.

Information can be had from Mrs. Tanya Nash, Executive Director, 4 East 76th Street, New York City; or Arthur Kruger, Secretary, 723 East 175th Street, Bronx, New York City.

Religious Services held every Friday evening at 8:30. Athletic and other activities every Wednesday evening. Socials and movies First and Third Sunday evenings.

Ephpheta Society for the Catholic Deaf, Inc.

248 West 14th Street, New York City

(BMT and 8th Ave. Subways at door)

Business meeting First Tuesday Evening

Socials Every Second Sunday Evening.

ALL WELCOME

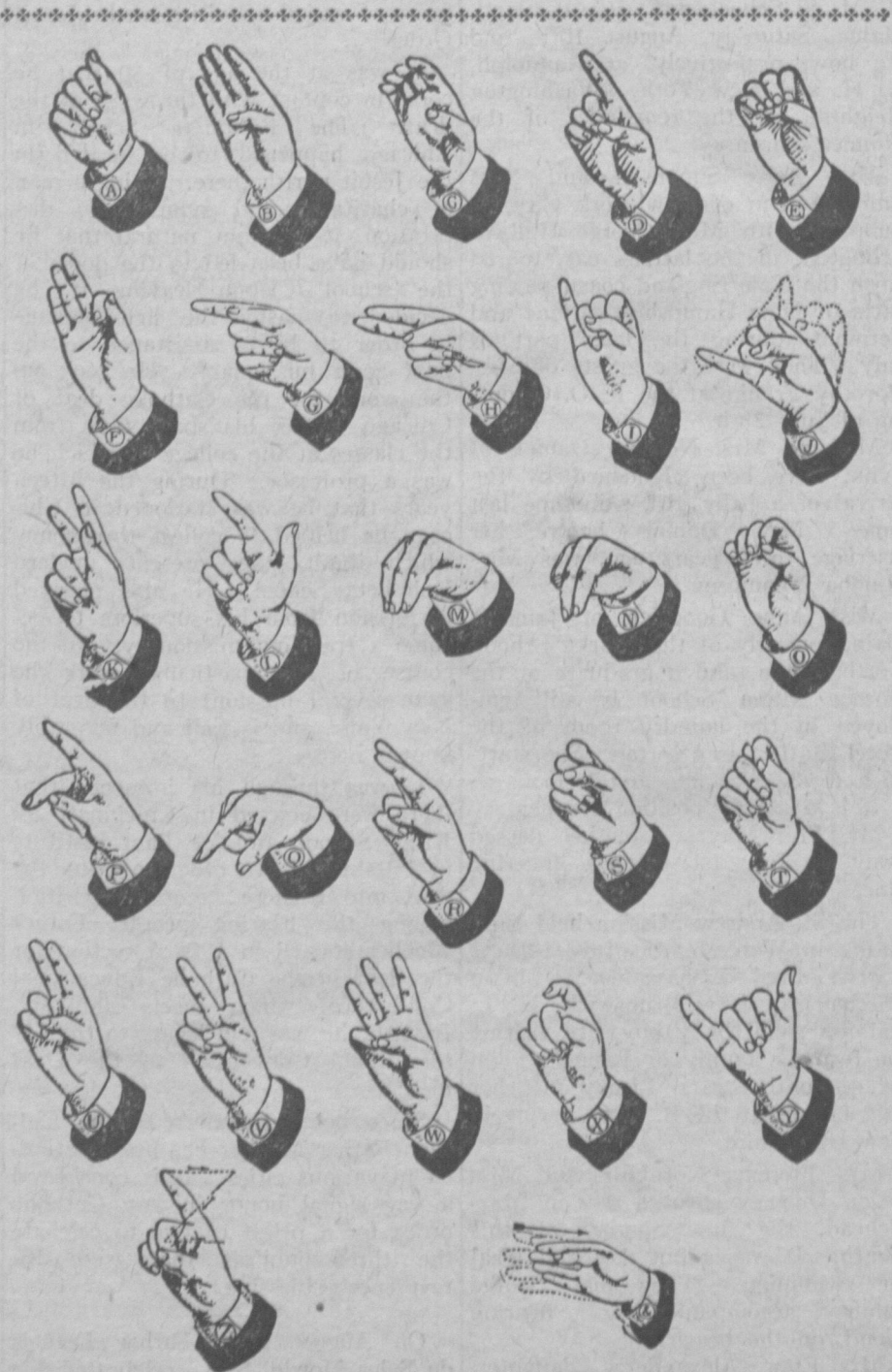
For any information regarding Ephpheta Society communicate direct to either:

George Lynch, President, 712 East 237th St., New York City.

Charles Spiterali, Secretary, 241 East 113d St., New York City.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursday of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Nathan Schwartz, President; Joseph F. Mortiller, Secretary, 711 Eighth Avenue, New York City.



AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET

The Trading of Walking Moose

By Theodore Roberts

Although still under thirty years of age, Walking Moose was one of the most successful furtakers of his tribe. His hunting-ground, which ran north and west between Hudson Bay and the great mountains, was vaster than many kingdoms. Now, after a prosperous winter, he and his squaw and two sledge-dogs crossed the weakening ice on Smoke River and ascended the bank toward the three log shanties of Alexander's Hope.

Walking Moose stalked in front, carrying his trade gun, in its blanket sack, under his right arm. Behind came the squaw and the dogs, dragging the sledge piled high with pelts of marten and fox, deer and bear.

Pleasurable anticipation glowed in the hearts of all four of the little party. The two Indians thought of the treasures of the post. Tobacco and tea would again be theirs, and perhaps the hunter would indulge in a red shirt and the squaw—she was a good squaw—would be treated to a blanket and a few yards of gaudy cotton cloth. Ammunition must be bought for the trade gun, for already the streams were breaking from their fetters, and the beavers, leaving their strongholds, presented tempting marks for well-directed bullets. The dogs looked forward to a few extra feeds and the summer freedom from the sledge.

The hunter paused half-way up the slope, and turned upon his wife with a nicely calculated grunt. The grunt, and a gesture of the left hand, conveyed the truth to her. She ceased pulling at the sledge and looked keenly toward the shanties.

"McLeod not come yet!" she cried, in a shrill voice. "He still way down at the big fort. He not think at all of the poor Injuns."

Walking Moose nodded, smiled wistfully, and continued the ascent. The squaw stooped again and dragged on the leathern thong, but now with a viciousness that disturbed the toiling dogs. Well, the poor woman had certainly been building on the tea and new blanket. They halted in the little clearing that surrounded the cabins, and gazed about disconsolately. The snow lay unbroken by any human mark, and the chimneys stood smokeless above the low roofs. Accustomed as they were to the silence and loneliness of forest and hill, the stillness of the empty clearing and deserted buildings daunted them.

"Too early!" exclaimed the hunter. "No baccy, no tea, no powder and lead till McLeod come up from St. John's."

McLeod's absence from the little summer post of Alexander's Hope was a keen blow to the plans of Walking Moose. The store contained food and ammunition that he needed and tea and tobacco that he craved; his sledge was heaped with the good currency of the land—yet he and his squaw must sit idle and hungry until the agent returned from his winter quarters, three days' journey to the southward. The beavers would expose themselves along hundreds of flooded streams that he knew, while he must sit in idleness before the empty shacks. He had intended to rest at the post for only two days, and then set out for his summer camp on a distant river, killing beaver as he went.

But perhaps the trader even now was traveling northward. Hope glowed at the thought.

The dogs were loosed and given their scanty feed of dried moose-meat. A fire was lighted before a thicket at the edge of the clearing, a rough shelter was built, and the valuable furs were placed under cover. In silence the two ate their meal of pemmican, uncheered by tea, uncrowned by the comforting pipe—and for weeks they had looked forward to those simple luxuries.

Early the next morning Walking

Moose climbed to the summit of a hill behind the post and gazed southward. Dark woods and white plains stretched away for miles; but not a sign of the tardy agent was to be seen. Returning to the clearing, he discovered his wife at one of the windows of the store, her face pressed against the parchment that served for glass. He pushed her aside roughly; then, unable to withstand the temptation, he took her place and peered into the dusky treasure-house.

There hung shirts of red flannel and blue; gaudy blanketings; woolen stockings of many hues, with dangling tassels; and here and there he caught the gleams from canisters of tobacco and tea. At one end of the dusty counter stood little kegs of gun-powder and leaden bullets. And as he searched for other treasures with longing eyes, he caught the shadows of the squaw's face against the window in the opposite wall of the store. At that he turned away and called to her angrily. But pity for the woman who had worked so well and cheerfully through all that long winter ached in his breast.

McLeod did not arrive at the post that day. Neither did he appear on the next. Walking Moose haunted the store, sometimes fingering his empty tobacco-pipe, sometimes contemplating his empty musket. The squaw worked listlessly at the dressing of a moose hide, sitting for hours before their rough shelter without saying a word or lifting her eyes. A thousand swollen streams broke their fetters of ice, and the beavers swam up from their winter retreats.

"Me go get McLeod," said Walking Moose, on the morning of the third day after their arrival at Alexander's Hope, "and you stay with the skins and the dogs."

The woman looked up at him piteously. She was a good squaw and young—and her eyes were large and bright.

"Yes, me go," repeated the hunter, firmly. "Three days to St. John's, and three days back—and you take care of the skins." He glanced about him uneasily, high and low, to right and left—anywhere but at the woman.

"Me travel fast all alone," he added.

A few minutes later he set out on the three days' journey to the southward, with snowshoes on his feet, a pouchful of dried meat at his side, and his useless firearm on his shoulder.

The dogs ran after him, but were called back by the squaw.

Walking Moose traveled stolidly for ten miles. The sun was bright and warm, the snow was wet, and on all sides rose the brawling of freed waters. A flock of geese went over his head, flying high. At the sound of their eery cries, short and harsh, but eloquent of the beauty of companionship and freedom, he halted and gazed up at them. He felt then, perhaps for the first time, something of the awful loneliness of the wilds.

McLeod and the big fort seemed to be a whole world's length away; but behind him, at the end of the trail of his snow-shoes, were a woman and two dogs. He continued the southward journey. But now he moved as if with uncertain purpose, pausing often to glance round and give ear to the wild voices of the waters. His snow-shoes dragged at his legs and his trade gun was a burden. When a deer sprang, crashing, from its resting-place amid a pile of dead brush, he started violently—then shouted foolish abuse after the fleeing animal, like a white man's child rather than Walking Moose, the great hunter.

The sun was in the west, a hand-breadth above the far hills, when the heart of Walking Moose rebelled against the desolation and unreason of the lonely journey. Turning square in his tracks, the hunter began to reclaim the miles he had so wearily unraveled. The north called to him—with the voice of the lonely woman and the enchantment of the little store at Alexander's Hope. The memory of

the red shirts, the powder, the tea and the tasseled stockings drew him and mocked him in the same turn of thought. One voice spoke within him. "The door is weak. You will take what you need and pay fairly with the good skins. It is your duty to supply yourself with powder and ball for your gun, that you may kill the beaver and musquash and wild geese. And you and the woman deserve tea and tobacco—and you have the good furs with which to pay."

But another voice whispered that such a thing could not be done; that only an agent of the great company might unfasten that door and measure out those needful and desirable stores; that the name of Walking Moose would become a name of scorn in the world if he did his trading without waiting for McLeod. But the first voice was the stronger; and Walking Moose sped along through the fading twilight, stilling the lesser voice at every stride.

The sky was clear, and in the star-shine the trail of the snow-shoes was plain under the hunter's feet. He ran in the level and open places; and nowhere did he halt to draw breath until half of the return journey was accomplished. Then he ate sparingly and rested for an hour.

Dawn was gray in the east when the huskies announced their master's return with furious barking.

The squaw ran from the lodge.

"No wait for McLeod," said the hunter. "Come now, and see me make honest trade. Bring the skins."

By the pale and unearthly light they broke the wooden hinges of the door and entered the treasure-house.

"Walking Moose make this trade all alone. You no touch," said the brave. First of all he opened a canister of tobacco and weighed out five pounds of the gold-brown luxury, and placed five marten skins in payment on top of the canister. Of flour he measured out four skins' worth; of powder and lead, ten skins' worth; of tea, five, and of dry-goods, seven. In each case he placed the furs on the shelf or package from which he had taken the good. Then he stacked the remainder of his winter's catch on the floor and placed his signature on top of the pile—a spruce cone, a strip of birch bark and a porcupine quill—that McLeod might know to whose credit to place the furs.

They mended the door with care; then pipes were lighted and tea brewed, and the bitterness of the long trails was forgotten.

The first snow had fallen in a night and melted in a day. It was in that elusive season called Indian summer that Walking Moose came again to Alexander's Hope, this time to buy an outfit for the winter campaign. The squaw and the huskies, and even the brave himself, carried pack of pemmican, beaver-skins and smoked fish on their back. The sledge and snowshoes had been cached in the woods near Alexander's Hope. Walking Moose found a stranger—a young man with spectacles on his nose—smoking a pipe in front of the store.

"Where McLeod?" he inquired.

"Mr. McLeod was promoted to the Bear River post last April," replied the stranger. "I am in charge here now. Post has been closed half the summer. You've come just in time, if you want to trade, because I'm going to shut up shop in a few days."

The hunter nodded.

"My men are coming up from St. John's before freezing, with the boats," continued the agent, "and we'll take all the trade back to the big fort. It ain't safe here. Some one got into the store last winter and helped himself."

Walking Moose straightened himself with dignity. "Me, Walkin' Moose, done that," he said. "Made good trade; paid honest; left big heap of skins for credit, and mended door."

"It was you, was it?" sneered the agent. "You're the honest Injun, are you?"

Walking Moose nodded gravely.

"Do you expect me to believe that you didn't take tobacco and rum and stuff to the full value of all the furs you left?" said the other. "I know more about Injuns than you think, Mr. Moose."

"Me honest trapper," replied the brave. "McLeod he trust me. He full-growned man, McLeod."

The other laughed unpleasantly.

"Well, do you want to trade your beaver?" he asked.

Walking Moose shook his head.

"Me take beaver way east, to Bear River now," he said. "But take trade for skins on my credit all right."

"No you don't, my son," said the agent. "You can't fool Benjamin Brown with your tricks."

"No give me baccy an' powder for my credit, for my good skins in the store?" asked the hunter, sharply.

"That's what I mean exactly. This post doesn't pay twice over for skins when I'm in charge of it," answered the white man.

Walking Moose looked round him on every side. His squaw and the huskies and the robber in front of him were the only living creatures in sight. His hand shot out and clutched the front of the agent's shirt. A quick jerk brought the offender to his knees. In a minute he was bound with thongs at ankles and wrists.

Walking Moose, his countenance unruffled, lifted the agent of the great company into the store and propped him against a stack of flour-bags. Then he motioned to the squaw to enter.

"Now," said he, "you two see good trade."

He found his bundle of skins heaped in a corner with others, drew it forth and unfastened it. For half an hour he measured and weighed provisions and counted skins. Now and then he inquired the rate of trade of the agent. When the last skin was spent, he helped the woman make the purchases into packs. Then he turned to the agent.

"Me leave little fire outside. You hop out pretty soon, and burn your hands free. Easy 'nough to do. Walking Moose had to do it once himself. Then you better wait for your men an' don't try follow Walking Moose."

The squaw exclaimed then in admiration. Her husband frowned slightly.

"Me no bad Injun," he said. "No rough Injun 'cept with fool. Now we go to Bear River and trade the beaver with McLeod."

HARTFORD DIVISION, No. 37, N. F. S. D.

1635-Connecticut-1935

TERCENTENARY

DANCE

Hotel Bond 338 Asylum Street
Ball Room Hartford, Conn.

October 26, '35
8 P.M. to 1 A.M.

Admission: \$1.25 A Couple
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Basketball Game and Dance

Saturday, February 29, 1936

Gallaudet College vs. Long Island U.
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Admission, 55 Cents

COME TO JOHNSTOWN!
 "The Friendly City"
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Forty-Ninth Annual Convention
 of the
**Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement
 of the Deaf**
 in the
HOTEL FORT STANWIX, Johnstown, Pa.
August 30th to September 2d, 1935

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30th

8:00 P.M.—OPENING MEETING OF THE CONVENTION.

INVOCATION Rev. Edward L. Reed, Rector,
 St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Johnstown

ADDRESS OF WELCOME Mr. Mason, President,
 Johnstown Chamber of Commerce

ADDRESS Hon. Hiram G. Andrews,
 Member, State Legislature

RESPONSE Mr. Roland M. Barker

PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL ADDRESS Mr. Edwin C. Ritchie,
 President, P. S. A. D.

APPOINTMENT OF COMMITTEES The President
 ANNOUNCEMENTS.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31st

9:00 A.M.—BUSINESS MEETING OF THE P. S. A. D.

8:00 P.M.—RECEPTION AND DANCE IN THE BALLROOM OF
 THE HOTEL FORT STANWIX.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st

11:00 A.M.—CHURCH SERVICE FOR THE DEAF IN ST. MARK'S
 EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Visiting Clergy will participate.

2:30 P.M.—SIGHTSEEING TOUR. By motor buses to historic
 South Fork dam site, graves of the unknown flood victims, the
 reservoir, Westmont, Ferndale, etc. Forty miles of sightseeing!

8:00 P.M.—MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT. Hotel Fort
 Stanwix.

8:00 P.M.—FRAT SMOKER. All visiting Frat members are cordially
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 Division rooms, Swank Annex Building.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2d

LABOR DAY PICNIC. All day, in Ideal Park. A portion of this
 fine Park has been reserved exclusively for the deaf during the
 day. Baseball, games, contests, prizes! Amusements and swim-
 ming pool available. Pleasure and recreation for all.

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26th ANNUAL

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Under the auspices of

Brooklyn Div., No. 23, N. F. S. D.

at

ULMER PARK ATHLETIC FIELD

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Gates Open at 1 P.M.

Baby Parade—2 to 4 P.M.

Babies up to 2 years and girls 2 to 6 years. (Prizes, Shirley Temple dolls)

Indoor Baseball Game and Tug-of-War—4 P.M.

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Track Events for Men—6 P.M.

100 Yard Dash 440 Yard Run 440 Yard Walk

Special Games for Ladies and Kiddies

Movies will be held outdoors, if weather permits

Gents, 55 Cents

Ladies, 35 Cents

Children (over 12), 25 Cents

(Payable at Gate)

The first 15 children under 8 years of age, accompanied by parents will receive toys free

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 Edward Kirwin, Joseph Zeiss, John Haff, Nathan Morrell, Jacob Clousner

Directions to the Field.—From Times Square, take B. M. T. train marked West End
 Line to 25th Ave., walk about four blocks to the Field; or take a trolley car to the Field.

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